

Wear Your Love Like Revenge by **quinnvicious**

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Wear Your Love Like Revenge

Author's Note:

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Prompt from Flippy's Prompt Challenge

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flippys-prompt-challenge

(Fluff, Candy, Hopper, The Wheeler House, Public Indecency)

-in which Steve and Billy can't catch a dang break

When Billy leans in close to whisper that the two of them should skip school and go fuck around instead, Steve can't find any reason to say no.

They hop in Billy's Camaro and sail down the street with the wind in their hair and something heavy blasting over the radio. It's not quite to Steve's tastes, but it gives Billy a measured outlet for his boundless energy as he slaps the steering wheel to the beat and hollers as they speed far too fast across the asphalt. It's infectious, and Steve bobs his head to it along with him.

"So, what's a boring rich boy like you do for fun in this shit town, anyway?" Billy smirks in his direction after he comes down a little, elbow resting in the window. He enjoys rubbing Steve's class in his face whenever he gets the chance.

Steve huffs a laugh at the familiar insult and tries to think of a serious answer to the question. Before his only friends were a group of thirteen-year-olds, Steve would hang out with people who aren't much different from Billy. The image of sitting by his pool and drinking with Tommy pops into his head, and he pushes the twinge of annoyance he still feels for the freckled teen back down where it can't ruin his good mood.

"I dunno. Get wasted and go swimming?" Steve offers. Billy gives him a look like he can do better than that. Steve laughs at it.

"Alright, Harrington." Billy thumbs a cigarette from his pack and

hugs it between his lips. "Let's get *wet*."

Steve snorts harder and Billy takes a sharp turn towards Steve's place. Steve sobers up when he realizes where they're headed.

"Woah-woah—not my place. My parents are home." He warns, and Billy's looking at him seriously now. Steve's parents are rarely ever back from their numerous business trips, and for once Steve wishes they *weren't*. He'd love nothing more to play hooky with Billy Hargrove in the safety of his big, empty house, where nobody could see what they'd get up to.

Billy takes a steadying drag from his smoke and his eyebrows raise as he gets a horrible, awful idea.

"Are you suggesting, that we break into somebody else's house, and swim in their pool? Why, *Steve*," Billy feigns a parental surprise, drawn eyebrows not at all masking the curl of his mouth-corners around the filter of his cigarette. "I didn't know you had it in you."

"Ha," Steve deadpans. "That's *not* what I said." Trust Billy to put more delinquent-flavored words in his mouth.

"Yeah well, it's what we're doing." Billy blows smoke through his nose, smile falling for a fraction of a second as the amusement takes a darker turn. He takes a corner too hard and Steve braces himself against the door to avoid smacking into it.

"Wait a sec—"

"So, who do we have in mind?" Billy cuts him off in a sing-song voice while maneuvering through the more upper-class residences on the block, the playfulness seeping back into the storm of his mood. A few more houses pass before they come around a bend and Billy pumps the breaks on the beat of the music and grins at Steve like a shark after he sees his prize through the thick pines. Steve is confused, until he leans towards him and squints out his window and sees it too.

"No. *Hell* no." He shakes his head, leaning back in the passenger seat and crossing his arms in defiance. Billy's still grinning at him and they're still bouncing down the street in inches. Steve turns back to

glare as he sways back and forth against the seat. He sputters, incredulous. "Do you have *any* idea whose house that is?"

"Yep. We're so doing it," is his final reply before he slams the gas and tears around the block to find a discrete place to park. Steve is still protesting from his side of the car, pulling at Billy's jacket sleeve like a kid about to be dragged off to his first day of school.

"Dude, I am not breaking into my ex-girlfriend's house to go fuck in her baby sister's kiddie pool!" He shouts, exasperated.

"You're the one who wanted to go for a swim." Billy takes the key out of the ignition and looks at him in condescending sympathy. He pulls out of Steve's grasp and is on the other side of the door in record time. Billy dips his head to mock Steve from the open window, flicking his cigarette under his heel. "So move your ass, Harrington."

Billy's walking away, and Steve sighs defeatedly as he realizes there's no stopping Billy once he's set his mind to something. He unlatches the door and swings himself out to follow him, jogging to catch up. Steve silently thanks whoever's watching over him that there are no cars in the driveway. He remembers from the time he spent dating Nancy that the Wheelers aren't usually home until late afternoon, but it doesn't slow the panic creeping higher the closer Billy gets to the door. He picks up his pace across the green lawn and turns his head away from the red brick as if the the house has eyes and it's planning to tattle on him.

Billy's waltzing up to the welcome mat like he lives there and Steve's heart jumps into his throat when the other boy rings the doorbell without hesitation.

"What the hell are you doing?" Steve hisses quietly, like anybody could be overhearing them. Billy turns just enough to look at him like he's lost his mind.

"What's it *look* like I'm doing?" He rings it again with his eyes still on Steve and Steve almost pulls own his hair in frustration. He exhales hard and takes a step away before he does something drastic like smack Billy for being such a reckless *idiot*.

“The house should be empty this time of day, anyway.” He says, more to remind himself, and calms down. He certainly fucking *hopes* it’s empty, or they’d have to explain what the hell they were doing on the Wheeler’s front lawn instead of being in class where they’re supposed to be.

Steve panics again when Billy pulls out a lock-pick he didn’t even know the blonde had from his pocket. He trips over his words as he tries to find the right thing to yell in a situation where there is a lot to yell about. “Just go around! Are you, *insane*?”

“Where’s the fun in that?” Billy laughs with a breathless tone as he jiggles the door handle open and then he’s slinking inside like a stray cat. He leaves it open, and Steve stares after him in disbelief before the fear of being seen outside the house has his feet tripping up the threshold.

Billy turns around to smile at him as he walks backwards down the main hall and Steve hates how cocky he is. He can’t deny the sick little thrill racing down his spine at the sight of him. Breaking into his ex-girlfriend’s house to screw around with Billy is probably the most dangerous thing they’ve done so far, and the wicked part of him is rearing its head in enthusiasm.

And although he doesn’t hold any grudges against Nancy for dumping him, Billy likes to convince him he should. Billy’s presence makes the whole situation feel like a *revenge*. He loathes the idea that crosses his mind—they could fuck in the same bed Steve spent so many nights sneaking up to just to spend the night with her, and no one would ever find out. The thought makes him feel sick and excited all at the same time.

Billy makes a stop in the kitchen to look through the cabinets and Steve’s pushing him towards the back door with the intense fear of getting caught still racing through him. The blonde makes a small, triumphant noise and pulls a handful of candy from a jar in the pantry. Steve rolls his eyes at him.

“Too bad Mrs. Wheeler doesn’t have any more cookies around.” Billy comments offhandedly as he pops one of the suckers into his mouth in the absence of his cigarette. Steve doesn’t even want to know what

he means by that, or under what circumstances Nancy's mother would be giving Billy Hargrove *cookies*.

Billy lets himself be pushed out the back door and Steve breathes a little easier now that they're out of the house. They're still trespassing, but it feels safer being somewhere they can run for the hills if they have to. The thick trees surrounding the backyard are a comfortable enough cover from prying eyes for the both of them.

The pool is a tiny thing, more for Holly Wheeler to play in with her floaties than anything else. It's barely big enough to fit the both of them and Steve laughs dryly as he looks down into the glittering water. It has nothing on his heated pool at home, but at least it's warmed up enough around Hawkins that they wouldn't be found frozen together by the end of the night. He can't believe Billy's talked him into this.

"This is so stupid—" Steve starts, but he's interrupted by the sight of Billy pulling his shirt over his head, his jacket already laying in the grass a foot away. Billy licks the front of his teeth around the paper stick of the sucker and grins back at him, reaching a sly hand down to undo his belt buckle after tossing the shirt away too. Steve is far too distracted watching him to register exactly what his plan is before it's too late.

Billy's jeans slide down his thighs and then he's standing in front of Steve in nothing but his boxers and the silver necklace fastened around his neck. He stands in front of Steve and clacks the candy around his mouth, hiding his smirk behind a solemn look.

"What's the matter, Stevie?" Billy taunts him, and Steve is having a *really* hard time looking up at his face when there's so much of Billy's body on salacious display. He sighs disappointedly, cherry-scented and all up in Steve's bubble. "You *scared*?"

Steve finally turns his head to huff at the accusation, and then he's falling backwards into the cold water with a shout as Billy uses the distraction to plant his palms meanly on his chest and push.

"Man, you really never learn, do you?" Billy laughs down at him as he sputters. Steve hit the ground hard enough through the water and

the thin plastic at the bottom that he'll no doubt have bruises on his palms and ass by the time he gets home. He's absolutely soaked through, and he's about ready to retaliate when a sudden thought comforts him.

"Whatever, man. It's *your* car that's gonna get wet now." He teases with a pompous turn to his lips. Billy takes the lollipop out his mouth to regard him, still half naked and casually contemplating his candy like the thought of somebody seeing him doesn't bother him in the slightest. Steve wouldn't be surprised if it wouldn't.

"Ooor, I could just leave you here." Billy beams wolfishly and pops the candy back into his mouth with a clever tongue. Steve gets momentarily distracted wishing that he was that piece of candy before Billy's stepping over the short plastic wall and getting his bare feet comfortable on either side of Steve. He leans down to speak low and loom over the other boy with a purpose. "Y'know, if you don't want to go swimming, I can think of some *indoor* sports."

Steve doesn't dignify that with an answer, instead he grabs the back of Billy's knees and tugs until Billy falls on top of him. Billy's laugh hits a higher note with the impact and the colder-than-expected water dunking him up to his waist. Billy curses as it freezes through his more sensitive areas and then it's Steve's turn to laugh at his sudden loss of bravado.

He pulls Billy in closer to help warm him up, his fingers stroking over the skin of his hips, just above the waist of boxers. Billy's face is inches from his own and his warm breath heats his cheeks as Billy watches him. Steve steals the sucker from his mouth and pops it in his own like a trophy, smirking as Billy's scrutinizing takes a dark edge.

Their mouths are locked by the time they've both gotten used to the water temperature. Billy tastes like artificial cherry and grinds down on him so hard it takes all of Steve's effort to stay above the maybe foot of water in the little pool. Steve makes little sounds of distress, but Billy doesn't let up until Steve's fisting his curls and dragging him backwards until he's slipping off his hips to catch himself on the floor of the pool. The splash from Billy's legs gets Steve right in the face and he mourns the loss of his hair's flawlessness as it falls wetly over

his brows.

He doesn't give Billy enough time to recover before he's wiping water away from his eyes and blanketing Billy's body with his own. The blonde's hot to the touch, part arousal and part fury over Steve pushing him around like he was in charge or something. He bites Steve's mouth until it bleeds to remind him he isn't anywhere near. Steve uses the added weight of his wet clothes to press Billy into the water with a hand curled around the side of his neck, thumb pressing with intent into the tendon of his throat as they swap cherry-spit and smear blood across lips and tongues.

Billy groans and relents, baring his neck unconsciously and Steve takes the opening to dip his head down and lick the drops of water from his neck. He sucks a bruise into his tanned skin, trailing diluted pink in the wake of his mouth. Billy groans and when his legs starting inching up to wrap around Steve, Steve freezes before he can completely succumb to the pull of Billy Hargrove. He suddenly remembers just where they are, and maybe it was just his imagination, but he could swear he just heard a car door shut somewhere in the vicinity of the front of the house.

He snaps his head up as panic outstrips his arousal and Billy glowers at him for stopping what he was doing. They both hear a radio crackle to life under a low voice and Steve's heart jumps in his chest when he realizes that it's not just a cop—but the *Chief* cop and someone must have seen them sneaking around and called the police. Steve scrambles to stand in the pool and almost trips himself. He steadies his legs and eyes Billy, who's still mostly in the water, motionless as ice. He's still looking up at him, indignant but with an underlying fear before his flight instincts kick in and they're both clambering out of the kiddie pool and Steve is throwing Billy his clothes.

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Hopper surveys the Wheeler house with tight-lipped annoyance. He hates calls like this. Not that he's got anything better to do other than sit around his office and dunk balled-up paper in his wastebasket, but still. He sucks on his teeth and adjusts his belt. He figures it's better to just get it over with.

A neighbor called in to claim that a couple of kids were hanging around the house while the family's away, and Hopper's given whoever it is enough warning to start running so he doesn't have to catch a pair of love-birds in the act or something he's equally unprepared to deal with. He highly doubts it's a burglar in this town, at *this* time of day. He slows his walk around the side of the house and is only half surprised to see a flash of Steve and his new friend retreating into the woods, one half naked and both of them dripping like wet cats.

Dots of dropped candy are scattered in the grass around the sloshing water of the pool and Hopper shakes his head under his hat, chuckling on his breath about the youth of today. Next time he catches them trespassing on private property, though, he won't be letting them off so *easy*.